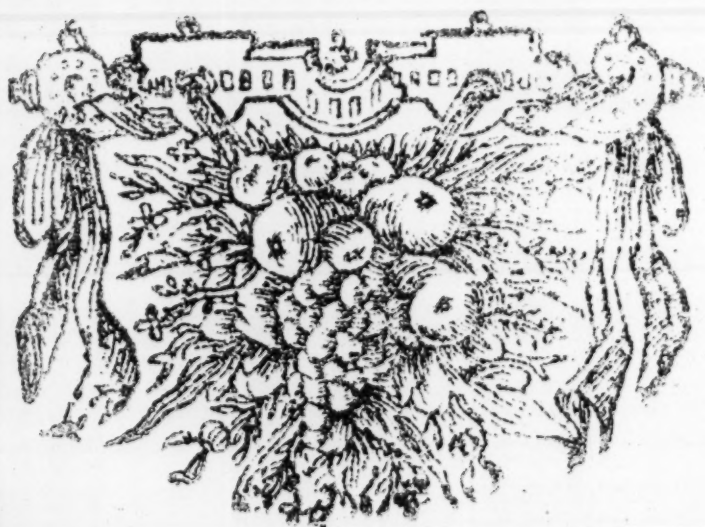


T H E
F R I E R
A N D
T H E B O Y

Very delectable, though un-
pleasant to all Step-
mothers.

Newly corrected and amended,



G L A S G O W

Printed in the Year 1668.



A MERRY JEST, OF THE
Frier and the Boy.

There dwelt a man in my Countre,
Who in his life had wives thre,
A blessing full of joy.
By his first wife a child he had,
Which was a pretty sturdy lad,
A good unhappy boy.
His father lov'd him very well,
But his step-mother never a deal :
I tell you as I think.
All things she thought lost, by the Word,
Which might the boy do any good,
As either meat or drink.
And yet, I wis, it was but bad,
For half enough thereof he had,
But evermore the worst.
And therefore evil might she fare,
That wrought the little boy such care,
So far-forth as she durst.
Unto the man the wife gan say,
I would ye put this boy away,
And that right soon in haste.
Truly he is a wicked lad,
I would some other man him had,
That would him better chaste.
Then said the good-man : Dame, not
I will not let the young boy go,
Hee's but of tender age :
So shall I wish me this year shine.

Till he be grown moze strong and try'd,
Foz to win better wage.

We haue a man a sturdy lout,
Who keeps our neat the fields about,
And sleepeth all the day :

He shal bide home, as God me shield,
And Jack shal pass into the field,
To keep them, if he may.

Then said the wife : In veriment,
Husband, thereto I giue consent,
Foz that I thinke it need.

On the morrow when it was day,
The little Boy went on his way,
Towards the fields with speed :

Of no man took he any cure,
But sung, Hay ho, a way the mure,
With mirth he did pursue.

Forward he drew with might and main,
Until he came amidst the plain,
And then his dinner drew.

But when he saw it was so bad,
Full little list thereto he had,
And put it up from sight,

Saying : He had no will to taste,
And that his hunger still should last,
Till he came home at night.

Now as the Boy sate on an hill,
There came an old man him until,
Was walking by the way :

Who said : My son, now God thee see.
Full welcome, Father, may ye be,
The little Boy did say.

The old man said : I hunger sore :

Which thou mayst giue to me.
The boy reply'd: So God me save,
To such poor victuals as I haue,
Right welcome you shal be.
Of this the old man was full glad,
The boy drew forth such as he had,
And said: Go to gladly.
The old man easie was to please,
He ate, and made himself at ease,
Saying: Son, gramercy:
And for the meat thou gabe to me,
I will giue thee things unto thee,
What e're thou wilt intreat.
Then said the boy: The best I know,
That ye giue to me a bow,
With which I birds may get.
A bow, my son, I shal thee giue,
The which shal last while thou dost liue;
Pea, neber bow nor break:
For if thou shoot therein all day,
Walking or twinkling any way,
The mark still shalt thou hit.
Now when the bow in hand he felt,
And had arrows under his belt,
He merrly was, I wis:
And said: Had I a pype withall,
Though nere so little, nor so smal,
I had all that I wish.
A pype, son, shalt thou haue also,
Which in true Musick so shal go,
I put thee out of doubt:
That whosoever shal it hear,
Shal haue no power to forbear,
But laugh and lean about.

Now tell me what the right word is,
For three things will I giue to thee,
As I haue said before.

The boy then smiling, answer mad
I haue enough for my poor trade,
And will desire no more.

The old man said: My troath is plight,
Thou shalt haue all I thee beheight:
Say on now, let mee see.

At home I haue, the boy reply'd,
A cruel step-dame full of pride,

Who is most curst to me:
When meat my father giues to me,
She wishes payson it might be,
And stareth in my face.

Now when she gazeth on me so,
I wish she might o farr let go,

That might ring through the place.

The old man answered then anon:

When that she looks thy face upon,

Her taill shal wynd the horn,
So lowdly, that who shal it hear,
Shal not be able to forbear,

But laugh her unto scorn.

So farewell, son, the old man cry'd.

God keep you, Sir, the boy reply'd.

I take my leave of thee:

And he that best of all things may,

Protect thee safe both night and day.

By mercy, son, said he.

When it drew near unto the night,

Jack well advis'd, by'd home full right:

It was his ordinance:

And as he went his ppp did blow,

And with his cattle on a tow,

About him fast did dance.

Thys to the town he pyps full trim,

His skipping beasts do follow him,

Unto his fathers close.

He went and put them up each one,

Then went into the house anone,

Into the hall he goes.

His father at his supper sat

And little Jack espy'd well that,

And said to him anone :

Father, all day I kept your neat,

At night, I pray you, giue me meat;

I am hungry, by Saint John.

Meatless I have been all the day,

And kept your beasts they did not stray.

My dinner was but ill.

His father took a capons wing,

And at his son he did it fling,

Bidding him eat his fill.

This grieues his step-dames heart full

Who loathes the lad still more and more

And stares him in the face :

With that she let go such a blast,

As made the people all agast,

And sounded through the place.

Each one did laugh and make good game

But the curst wife grew red for shame

And wisht she had been gone.

Pardie, the Boy said, well I wot,

That gun was well charged and shot,

And might haue broken a stone.

Full curstly she lookt on him tho,

And then another fart let go,

Quoth Jack : Sirs, did you neber see
A woman let her pellets flee,

More thicke and more at ease ?
Fy, said the Boy unto his Dame,
Temper thy tell-tale-bun for shame;
Which made her full of sorrow.

Dame, said the good maid, go thy way,
For why, I swear, by night and day,
Thy gear is not to borrow.

Now afterwards, as you shal hear,
Unto the house there came a Frier,
And lay there all the night :

This wife did love him as a Saint,
And to him made a great complaint.

Of Jack's most vile despite.
We have, quoth she, within, I wis,
A wicked Boy, none slyer woe is,
Which doth me mighty care.

I dare not look upon his face,
Nor hard'y show my shameful case,
So filthily I fare.

For my sake, meet him to morrow,
Beat him well, and geve him sorrow;
Yea, make him blind and lame.

The Frier swore, he would him beat.
She prayed him not to forget,

The Boy did her much shame.
He is a witch, quoth she, I smel.

But, quoth the Frier, I'le beat him well :
Of that take you no care :

I'le teach him witch-craft, if I may.
O, quoth the wife, do so, I pray,
Lay on, and do not spare.

Early next morning the boy arose,
And to the field full soon he goes,
His cattle for to drive.

The Friar up as early gat,
He was afraid he came too late,
And ran full fast and blith.

But when he came upon the land,
He found where little Jack did stand,
Keeping his beasts alone.

Now boy, he said, God give thee shame,
What hast thou done to thy step-dame,
Tell me forthwith anone?

And if thou canst not quite thee well,
I'll beat thee till thy body swel,
I will no longer bide.

The Boy reply'd: What alleth thee?
My step-dame is as well as ye.

What need you thus to chide?
Sir, will you see mine arrows flee,
And hit yon smal bird on the eye,
And other things withall.

Good Sir, if I have little wit,
Yet yonder bird I mean to hit,
And give her you I shal.

There late a smal bird on a brier.
Shoot, shoot, thou way, then said the
For that fain would I see. (Friar
Jack hit the bird upon the head,
So right that she fell down for dead,
No further could she flee.

Fast to the bush the Friar then went,
And up the bird in hands he bint,
Much wondring at the chance.

Mean time Jack took his pyp and play

Soloud, the frier grew madd appayd,
And gan to skip and dance :

As sooner he the pyp sound heard,
But mad-man like he bound and fard,
Leaping the bush about.

The sharp bziers scratcht him by the face
And by the breech and other place,
That fast the blood ran out.

He tare his coat down to the skirt,
His cap, his cool, his linnen shirt,
And ebery other weed.

The thorns the while were rough & thick,
And did his pryvy members prick,
That fast they gan to bleed.

Jack as he pyped, laught among,
The frier with bziers was vrbely stung,
He hopped wondrous hie.

At last the frier held up his hand,
And said : I can no longer stand :
Oh, I shal dancing die.

Gentle Jack, thy pyp hold still,
And here I bow, for good noz ill,
To do thee any wo.

Jack laughyng to him this reply'd :
Frier, skip out at the other side,
Thou hast free leave to go.

Out of the bush the frier then went.
All marray'd, ragged, scratcht and rent,
And tozn on ebery side.

Hardly on him was left a clout,
To wrap his belly round about,
His harlotry to hide.

The thorns had scratcht him by the face,
On hands and thighs, and ebery place,

He was all bath'd in blood :
So much, that who the Frier did see,
For fear of him were faine to flee,
Thinking he had been wood.
When to the good-wife home he came,
He made no brags for very shame,
To see his cloaths rent all :
Much sorrow in his heart he had.
And every man did guess him mad,
When he was in the hall.
The good-wife said, where hast thou been
Sure in some evil place I ween,
By sight of thine array ?
Dame, said he, I came from thy son,
The devil and he hath me undone,
No man him conquer may.
With that the good-man he came in,
The wife set on her madding pin,
Cry'd, here is a foul array :
Thy son that is thy life and dear,
Hath almost slain the holy Frier,
Alace and well a way.
The good-man said, Benedicite,
What hath the vile Boy done to thee,
Now tell me without let :
The devil take him, the Frier then said
He made me dance despite mine head,
Amongst the thorns the hey go bet.
The good-man said unto him tho,
Father, hadst thou been murthered so,
It had been deadly sin.
The Frier to him made this reply,
The pop did sound so merrily,
That I could never blin.

When it grew to a more age,
Jack the Boy came home full right,

As he was went to do:

But when he came into the Hall,

Full soon his father did him call,

And bid him come him to.

Boy, he said, come let me hear,

What hast thou done unto this Frier,

Lie not in any thing.

Father, he said, now by my birth,

I play'd him but a fit of mirth,

And pyped him a spring.

That ppp, said his father, I would hear,

Now, God forbid, cry'd out the Frier:

His hands then did he wring.

You shal, the Boy said, by Gods grace.

The Frier reply'd, Wo and alace,

Making his sorrows ring.

For Gods lobe, said the wretched Frier,

And if ye will that strange ppp hear,

Bind me fast to a post.

For sure my fortune this I read,

If dance I do, I am but dead,

My woful life is lost.

Strong ropes they took both sharp & round,

And to the post the Frier they bound,

In the middle of the Hall.

And they that at the table sat,

Laughed and made good sport thereat.

Saying, Frier, thou canst not fall.

Then said the good-man to the Boy,

Jack, ppp me up a merry toy,

Ppp freely when thou wilt.

Father, the Boy said, verily,

You shal haue mirth enough and glee,
Till you bid me be still,
With that his pop he quickly hint,
And pyped whilst in verament,
Each creature gan to dance :
Lightly they skipt and leapt about,
Pearking their legs, now in now out,
Striving aloft to prance.
The good-man as in sad despair,
Leapt out, and through and o're his chair
No man could caper byer.
Some others leapt quite o're the stocks,
Some start at straes, and fell o're blocks,
Some wallowed in the fire.
The good-man made himself good sport,
To see the dance in this mad sort.
The good-wife sate not still,
But dancing still she lookt on Jack,
And fast her tail did double each crack,
Loud as a water mill.
The Frier this while was almost lost,
He knockt his pate against the post.
It was his dancing grace :
The rope rub'd him under the chin,
That the blood ran from his tatted skin
In many a naked place.
Jack pyping ran into the street,
They followed him with nimble feet,
Hauing no power to stay :
And in their haste the dooz did crack,
Each tumbling o'er his fellows back,
Unmindful of their way.
The neighbors that were dwelling by,
Hearing the pop so merrily,

Came dancing to the gate.

Some leapt oze dooꝝ, some oze the hatch;
No man would stay to draw the latch,

But thought he came to late :

Some sick oꝝ sleeping in their bed,
As they by chance lift up their head,

Were with the pppawaked. (locks,
Straight out they start through dooꝝ and
Some in their shirts, some in their smoks,

And some stark belly naked.

When all were gathered round about,

There was a vile unruly rout,

That danced in the street :

Of which some lame and could not go,
Striving to leap, did tumble so :

They danst on hands and feet.

Jack tyꝝ'd with spoꝝt, said, Now I'le rest,

Do, quoth his father, I hold it best,

Thou clovest me with a spear.

I pray thee, Boy, thou quiet sit :

In truth this was the merriest sit,

I heard this seven year.

All these that dancing thither came,

Laught heartily, and made good game;

Yet some got many a fall.

Thou cursed Boy, cry'd out the Frier,

Here I do summon thee to appear

Before the Official.

Look thou be there on friday next,

I'le meet thee then, thogh now perplext,

For to ordain thy sorrow.

The Boy reply'd, I make a vow,

Frier, I'le appear as soon as thou,

If friday were to morow.

But

But Friday came, as you shal hear,
Jacks step-dame and the dancing Frier,
Together they were met :

And other people a great pace,
Flockt to the Court to hear each case,
The Officiall was set.

Much civil matters were to do,
More Libels read then one or two,
Both against Priest and Clark.

Some there had testaments to prove,
Some women were thogh wanton love
Which got stroaks in the dark.

Each Proctoꝝ there did plead his case,
When forth did step Frier Tobias,
And Jacks step-dame also :

Sir Official, aloud said he,
I have brought a wicked lad to thee,
Hath done me mighty two :

He is a witch as I do fear,
In Orleans he can find no peer :
This of my truth I know.

He is a devil, quoth the wife,
And almost bereav'd me of my life :

At that her tail did blow,
So loud, th'assembly laught thereat,
And said, her pistols crack was flat,
The charge was all amiss.

Dame (quoth the gentle Official)
Proceed, and tell me forth thy tale,
And do not let for this.

The wife that feared another crack,
Stood mute and ne're a word she spake:
Shame put her in such dread.

Ha (said the Frier) right angerly.

Knave, this is all still long of thee,
Now e'ill not thou speed.
The Friar said, Sir Official,
This wicked Boy will vex us all,
Unless you do him chast:
Sir, he hath yet a ppp trulpy,
Will make you dance and leap full hie;
And break your heart at last,
The Official reply'd, Verdie,
Such a ppp I fain would see,
And what mirth it can make.
Now, God forbid, reply'd the Friar,
That e're we should that vile ppp hear.
Ere I my way hence take.
Ppp on, Jack, said the Official,
And let me hear thy cunning all.
Jack blew his ppp full loud,
That every man start up and danst,
Proctors and Prests, & Somners pzant,
And all in that great crowd.
Ober the dask the Official ran
And hopt upon the table than,
Straight sumpt into the flooz.
The Friar that danst as fast as he,
Met him mid-way dangerously,
Brake others face full soze.
The Register leapt from his pen,
And hopt into the strong of men,
His ink-bozn in his hand.
With swinging round about his head,
Some he stroke blind, some almost dead;
Some they could hardly stand.
The Proctors flung the bills about,
The good-wifes tail gabe many a shout,
Derfning

Perfuming all the mirth.
 The Somners as they had been wood,
 Leapt o'ze the forms and seats so good,
 And wallowed on the earth.
 Menches that for their pennance came,
 And other meeds of worldly shame,
 Danc'd ebery one as fast.
 Each late upon a merry pin,
 Some broke their heads, and some their
 And some their noses brast. (Chin.
 The Official thus soze turmoil'd,
 Half swelt with sweat, & almost spoil'd,
 Cry'd to the wanton child,
 To ppp no moze within that place,
 But stay the sound, even for Gods grace,
 And love of Mary mild.
 Jack said, As thou wilt, it shal be,
 Provided I may hence go free,
 And no man do me wrong:
 Neither this woman, nor this Frter,
 Nor any other creature here.
 He answered him anone:
 Jack, I to thee my promise plight;
 In thy defence I mean to fight,
 And will oppose thy fond.
 Jack ceast his ppp, then all still stood,
 Some laughing hard, some raging wood,
 So parted at that tide,
 The Official and the Somner,
 The step-dame and the wicked Frter,
 With much joy, mirth and pride.

F I N I S.